

# THE SPECTRUM

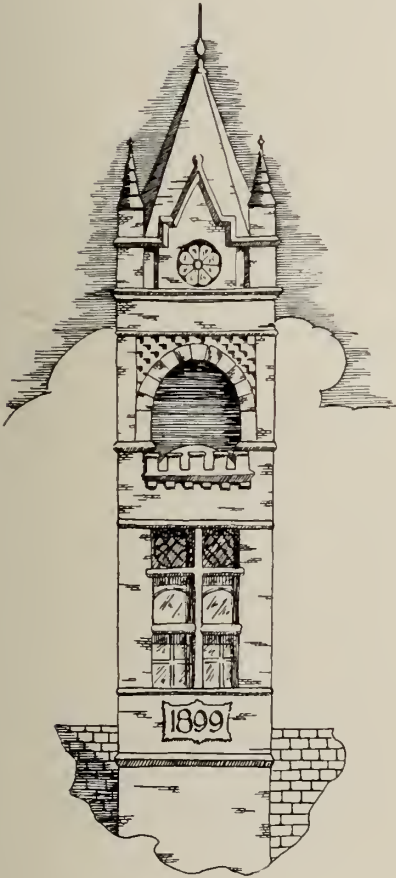
1937



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"None can teach admirably if not loving his work."---A. B. Alcott.

THE  
**YEAR BOOK**  
-- OF --  
**CLASS 1936-1937**



PUBLISHED BY  
STUDENTS OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL  
LONDON, ONTARIO

"Education becomes the process of helping the self to rebuild itself to even higher and finer levels by helping it to think and choose better than otherwise it would."---Kilpatrick.

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LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL

Where we delved into Matter and Method and Management.

## To the Graduating Class of 1937:

THE best wish that I can offer you on your prospective entrance into the ranks of a great profession is that you may be happy in your work. Happiness is not mere contentment, which is temporary and fleeting and may arise from such conditions as a generous salary, comfortable surroundings, a well-equipped school, and responsive pupils. These conditions may contribute towards your immediate and temporary happiness, and I would not minimize their importance. But your real happiness will not necessarily depend upon any of these factors, and may, in fact, be attained without their assistance. Your permanent happiness will result from the consciousness of work well done and duty faithfully performed, and above all from the knowledge that you have created in your pupils correct habits, worthy interests, and high ideals, which in the years to come will make this a better world.

W. J. KARR,  
Director of Professional Training.


Department of Education, Toronto, May 10th, 1937.

## Principal's Message

To the Class of 1937:

YOU are identified with a number of superlatives. You have had more practice teaching, and more continuous, than any preceding year. You are the smallest class in the history of the school. You are the most recent class that has graduated. The first record should carry with it a marked value which you will appreciate next year. The second should bring economic advantage to you and to other teachers. The last is but adventitious.

Teachers, I believe, are in a special sense expected to live a life of superlatives. They accept a responsibility, in the exercise of which, example is their most potent instrument. At no time can they afford to fall short of their best.

  
Principal.

## Valedictory

LONGFELLOW has written: "Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet a shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart."

Our Past goes back through a mist of half-forgotten collegiate years, sweet in their own way, and yet lacking that fulness which we have found here. From that September morning when we first saw the tower of our School above the trees we realized that a new, delightful trail through life was unwinding before us. We have not been disappointed. The year which is almost gone has been one of new joys, higher ideals, nobler aspirations; one which, while it has touched us with remorse that so many years have been spent with our "faces buried in text books" oblivious to the charms of nature, art, literature and life, has filled us with gratitude to our masters and instructors for helping us to find again the path we never should have left.

Too, the past year has had its sorrows: thorns of discouragement and of criticism waiting among the roses along the path of education. But if we have borne them bravely and without flinching we shall find that the wounds will heal leaving only the scars to remind us of our mistakes.

When the last day comes—and it is now so very near—the feelings of each one of us are going to be one great paradox. It is the heart's desire to leave, never to be a student here again. Yet, the thought will persist: "Oh, if only this wonderful year did not have to end!"

We carry as a legacy into the Future our impressions of masters and instructors whose sympathy, and understanding have been perpetual sources of comfort to each of us; pleasant memories of students who, radiating goodwill and fellowship, were always ready to lend a helping hand; recollections of lectures and discussions permeated with new knowledge and fresh ideas; weeks of priceless experience in practice schools where we felt ourselves drawn very close to little ones such as we hope to teach during the coming year.

We are almost ready. The "Shadowy Future" may lead us to unknown parts, into difficulties we have not anticipated. But we feel certain that, with the past year's experience as a staff on which to lean, each one of us will explore the wilderness of life "without fear and with a manly heart."

ESTHER W. GOODWIN MacMATH.



### MAIN HALLWAY

Where we had daily experience with Sir Isaac Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation.



## Editorial Staff

Staff Adviser . . . . . Dr G. W. Hofferd  
 Editor . . . . . Esther MacMath  
 Business Manager . . . . . George Switzer  
 Assistant Editors . . . . . Catherine Peters, Edith Southern,  
 Amy Turnbull, Isabel Vincent, Jean Waghorne, Sister Isabel.

## Editorial Comment

*Our Regret:* That, since we are the smallest class since 1908, our book must assume corresponding proportions.

*Our Thanks:* Firstly, to the masters whose patience and helpfulness in regard to this book have been greatly appreciated; secondly, to each student who, whether space has permitted his work to appear or not, has showed his school spirit through co-operation.

*Our Hope:* That, in future years, this book will be the "Open, Sesame" to memory treasures of the past year.

—Your Editorial Staff.

## Literary Society, First Term

WITH what happy memories we shall look back upon the activities of the Literary Society, where we came together as a school and learned to carry on with dignity and enjoyment, accepting the masters' kindly criticism as a stimulus to better effort.

To the following officers who served us faithfully, sincere credit is due for their untiring efforts on all occasions: J. Mark, Pres.; G. Grogan, Vice-Pres.; R. Clemance, Sec.; E. Maclean, Treas.; C. Peters, M. Herbison, M. Banner, H. Brown, Form Reps.

No opportunity of having a good speaker was allowed to pass: When Dr. Wallace Crawford was home on furlough he graphically depicted for us, through his own direct experience, "Conditions in China, as They Are To-day." Inspector Wheable, of the city schools, introduced by Dr. Hofferd, "as once small, but now big in every way," left us this message: "Tact, industry and sympathy are necessary as well as academic standing, if we wish truly to serve the community in which we teach."

Several skits were attempted, but the highlight in dramatics was attained when Form III presented its little play, "Miss Crabbitt Keeps Company,"—the author, Miss Esther MacMath. Form IV provided an innovation in studying the cultural life of Canada in art, music and literature. However, Forms I and II shone in the presentation of their debate, over the respective influences of the Home and School upon the character of the child. The first term was concluded with a musical programme, followed by a tea in the

library. And finally, let us keep in mind this thought from Dr. Mark:

*"This Literary is but a means, and not itself an end.  
 Here you play your part, each in his place,  
 Cleanly and wholesomely, and working with your fellows  
 Wit stimulating wit, and that clear thinking,  
 Which must come, ere you rightly use,  
 The knowledge and the skill which you have gained."*

RUTH CLEMANCE  
 Form II.

## Literary Society, Second Term

We, the executors of the estate of the L. N. S. LITERARY SOCIETY, do hereby disclose this his last WILL and TESTAMENT:

I. L. N. S. LITERARY SOCIETY, do hereby bestow and bequeath:

(1) My sincere thanks to all the forms of the school for helping to make the Second Term meetings the successes which they have been.

(2) Thanks to Dr. G. W. Hofferd for starting us off well with that wonderfully illustrated lecture on "Art Through The Centuries." He set a high standard for the rest to follow.

(3) To future Normalites the following record of achievements, on the condition that they criticise them kindly.

(a) An impromptu debate entitled "Resolved that teaching for one continuous week per month is better for Normal School students than teaching individual weekly lessons."

(b) A novel programme presented by Form IV entitled "Sketches from the Lives of Great Men Born in February."

(c) An amateur hour and science play sponsored by the Science Club and presented by the boys.

(d) A scene from "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray, dramatized by Form II.

(e) A portion from "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," dramatized by Form III, and described by the critics as the year's most successful literary achievement.

(4) To the Misses Margaret Williams, Katherine McEachern and Helen Cares, the piano Keyboard to be divided equally amongst them as a token of my sincere appreciation for their services.

(5) To Miss Gahan, Honorary President and to the Masters who so kindly criticized the meetings, I bequeath the school and especially the Friday afternoons at the School.

For in them lieth the future of me, L. N. S. LITERARY SOCIETY, until the next class of would-be teachers arrive.

SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED IN THE PRESENCE OF:

Austin Charlton, Pres.; Edith Southern, Sec.; Barbara Elson, Vice-Pres.; George Switzer, Treas.; Ruth Willis; Jean MacTavish; Cecille Burnstine; Gerald Nelson.—Form Reps.

EDITH SOUTHERN.  
 Form IV.



J. G. McEachern, B.A., B.Paed.    C. E. Wheeler, F.C.C.O.    Geo. W. Hoffer, M.A., D.Paed.    T. E. Clarke, B.A., B.Paed.  
 E. H. McKone, B.A., B.Paed.    Winifred Pendergast    S. Pickles  
 Louise Gahan    Isabel E. Davidson    C. E. Mark, B.A., D.Paed.    Dorothy Emery, A.O.C.A.    Doris Rider, B.A.



## Student Parliament—First Term

MANY enjoyable social functions have been sponsored throughout this term by the Student Parliament. Our first opportunity to become acquainted with the Staff and Students was on Friday, September 18. The afternoon was spent in games, conducted by Miss Rider on the School campus, after which a social half-hour was enjoyed over the teacups in the Library.

On October 29 the halls of our School were filled with witches, owls, cats and fine ladies and gentlemen in gay robes. It was the Hallowe'en Party. The company gathered in the auditorium for the first part of the programme during which there was a Grand March and Grace Graham obtained the prize for the most original costume. After a weird ghost story had been told by Jim Mark, the group separated to different rooms for games. A tasty lunch was served in the sewing-room and the evening was topped off by dancing in the gym.

The Christmas party on Thursday, December 17, was an outstanding success. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with the season's colours and the mistletoe over the door caused a great deal of amusement. The first part of the evening was spent in square and folk dancing. Then the toys on the Christmas Tree were distributed and, after much excited enjoyment, were handed over to the Welfare for distribution to poor children. A dainty lunch was served, and dancing to the orthophonic brought the evening to a close.

But the greatest event of all was the "At Home" held on January 29. The gymnasium decorated in crimson and gold presented a gay spectacle as the students and their friends danced to the music of Allan Johnston's orchestra. The programme's novelty dances and prizes added an extra touch of enjoyment. Table tennis was provided for those who preferred it. Lunch was served in the sewing room. The end came too soon, but still we were all happy that the "At Home" had been such a success.

Great credit is due the following executive responsible for the efficient manner in which our affairs were managed and for the pleasant entertainments afforded: G. Houghton, Pres.; J. Hatherell, Vice-Pres.; J. Foy, Sec.; G. Nelson, Treas.; A. Rae, Helen Cares, D. Greer, E. Webster.—Reps.

ESTHER WEBSTER. Form IV.

## Student Parliament—Second Term

THE Second Term Student Parliament was elected shortly after the Normalites flocked back after a much-needed Christmas vacation. The President, Gordon Grogan, introduced a number of bills which were read by the Secretary, John Gloin, but as a rule the members gave them very little consideration. Eva Bicum, the Treasurer, opened the eyes of the public when she balanced the budget and levied the Second Term taxes. The Vice-President, Verna Cunningham, and form representatives E. McLean, P. Sutherland, J. Morris and Z. Bateman, always found it convenient to reach the place of meeting at various intervals after

the appointed time, but made up for this by their efficiency upon arriving.

The Parliament now is planning a series of parties to break the thread of methodology and excusology so popular with the students.

GORDON L. GROGAN. Form I.

## Melody at Normal

EARLY in the fall term after each tender, young Normalite had adjusted himself to his new situation, Mr. Charles Wheeler, the music master, began to make advances, and finally won to himself the majority of the Students.

Tuesday nights after four we might often find Miss Prendergast gaily tapping the keys of her typewriter to the lilt of "John Peel," or Dr. Hofferding counting eggs, "ONE, two, three; ONE, two three," in the waltzing rhythm of "Roses Everywhere," as these melodies throbbed out through the keyhole of the auditorium door.

The officers installed were as follows: Pres., Margaret Herbison; Vice-Pres., Tom Speidel; Attendance Sec., Audrey Furse; Business Sec., Kay McEachern; Librarians, Ralph Gracey, Elinor Price.

The height of the musical season was reached on the evening of March 4th when the Glee Club under the capable direction of Mr. Wheeler, Miss Gahan and Miss Rider, presented its operetta, "The Wild Rose." Sincere appreciation goes to Miss Emery, and Mr. Pickles, for the lovely scenery.

The leading role was played by Grace Graham who smiled and sang her way into the hearts of all present. She was followed throughout by the inimitable newsboy, Bobbie, impersonated by Jim Mark; the adorable debutantes, Mary Miller, Helen Cares, Margaret Herbison and Zelma Bateman; the reporters, Audrey Furse and Ruth Willis; the suffragette, Kay McEachern, and the charity worker, Jean Wagborne. Other members of the cast were the salesladies, Marian Crewe, Mildred Eaton and Jean Morris; the secretary-companion, Catherine Griffiths; Lady Grey, the playwright, Margaret Roe; the housekeeper, Cecille Burnstine; and the maids, Mae Nixon, Elinor Price, Margaret Williams, Edith Southern, Eva Bicum, Jean MacTavish, Ruth Smith, Jean Munroe, Jean MacPherson, Dorothy Isaac, Penny Sutherland, Wilma Ross.

KAY McEACHERN. Form III.

## Christian Fellowship

ONE of the School organizations which cannot be overlooked is that of the Inter-school Christian Fellowship. The I. S. C. F. was organized in November, and since then meetings have been held every Wednesday morning and every Sunday evening after church. Our meetings were held in close conjunction with those of the I. V. C. F. organization of Western.

As teachers we shall face many problems, but knowing Jesus Christ as our Master and Friend makes them all easier; for, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—Philippians 4: 13.

JEAN MacTAVISH. Form III.

### Little Brown Hands

**D**ON'T you dread them and love them, the little,  
brown hands?  
They're the plague and the pride of a teacher's  
career.

Oh, so eager they are when the nine o'clock bell  
Calls to them that the time for their lessons is near.  
Through the morning they labour, red pencils held tight,  
On the paper to trace all the work you assigned.  
Painstaking, each effort, that the little brown hands  
Can record the directions of each willing mind.  
How wildly they wave when the answer is known  
To the question you asked in the history class!  
How gaily they clap when they're told that it's right,  
And droop, oh, so sadly, if you say it won't pass.

When the day is far-spent, and the closing-time nigh,  
And most of the duties assigned them are done,  
Spelling errors corrected, arithmetic o'er,  
Little hands get so restless, so ready for fun.  
The red pencils are played with, and rulers are dropped;  
Treasures shown to small neighbours, examined with awe;  
Elastics well-hidden all morning are found;  
And they bend till it quivers, each school-teaching law.  
Oh, grant us the patience we know we shall need  
To fulfill all the tasks our profession demands.  
Let us love them and lead them to true things in life,  
And direct them with wisdom, dear, little brown hands.

E. MACMATH.  
Form III.

### Tryst with Nature

L. N. S. Bird Morning, May 14, 1937

*Against pale skies the woods in early dawn  
Are half-defined blurrs of many greens.  
Our voices whisper as we enter, for  
We feel that God is very near to us.  
The marshy places blaze with marigolds,  
And here and there blue violets smoulder low;  
And every tree and every shrub that grows  
Has donned the robe God lendeth it to wear.*

*We hear birds singing, each a different song;  
And, listening, we can remember well  
Those other springs when other birds trilled to  
The children that we were, those same old songs.  
Reluctantly our footsteps bear us back  
To city streets and things of common life;  
But hearts are light, and sorrows that we knew  
Are left forgotten down where violets grow.*

E. MACMATH.

**W**E are pleased to publish the following little  
poem written by a ten-year old pupil of Grade  
IV, Trafalgar School, of this City. If these  
verses which, in their rhythm have captured something  
of the robin's song, are typical of the work our public  
school children are doing, we see bright years ahead for  
the poetry of Canada.

### The Robin

*I hear you, robin, I hear you  
Up in the greenwood tree,  
Singing your merry, lilting song,  
So brave, so gay, so free.*

*I hear your melody, Robin,  
Each morning and evening you sing,  
To tell us the gay glad message,  
It is spring! It is spring! It is spring!*

*I see you, Robin Redbreast,  
Perched high on a bare gray bough.  
Have you straws for the nest you're building  
And mud to shape it now?*

*Oh, Robin Redbreast, I love you,  
I love your cheery song,  
May nothing come to harm you  
Through all the summer long.*

JEAN HOOPER.

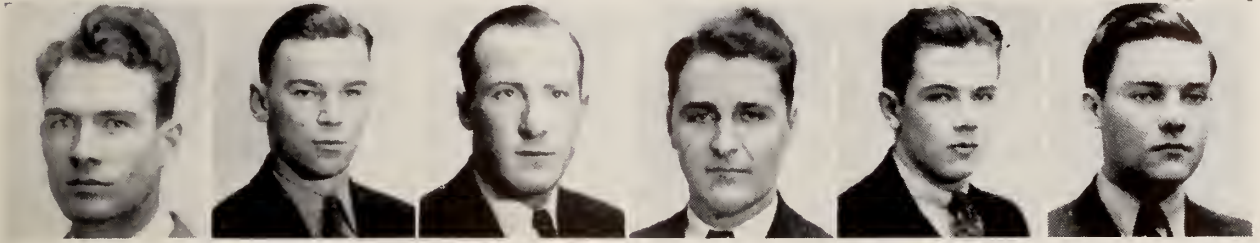
### Early Spring

Brown are the fields beneath the tangled grass  
Which died last year, and now unwanted lies.  
On wings that labour black crows slowly pass  
Below the listless skies.

It might still be November; who can tell?  
But listen: in the oldest apple tree  
A hopeful robin lets his anthem swell.  
Then, it is spring—to me!

E. MACMATH.





HARVEY L. BROWN  
Parkhill

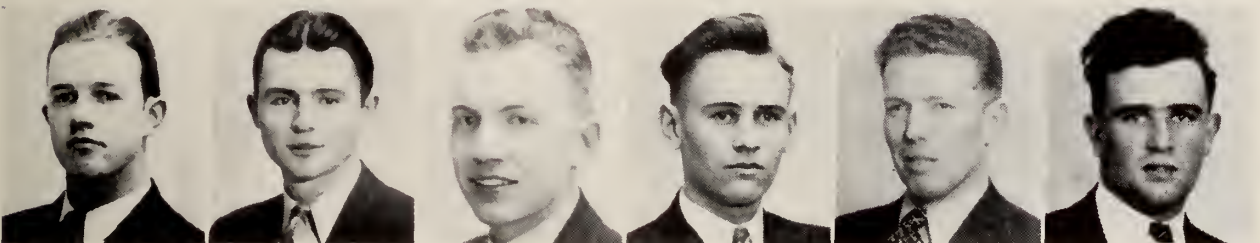
ARCHIE D. CAMPBELL  
R. R. No. 1  
Newbury, Ont.

LLOYD FLANNIGAN  
R. R. No. 9  
London, Ont.

HOWARD W. BROWN  
R. R. No. 2  
Mt. Brydges

AUSTIN W. CHARLTON  
R. R. No. 3  
Springfield, Ont.

JAMES FLOOD  
Maidstone, Ont.



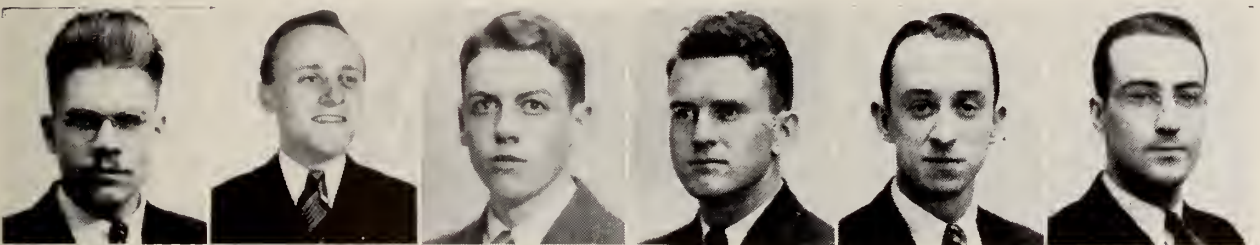
HOWARD GILLAM  
Mt. Brydges, Ont.

JOHN GLOIN  
Yarmouth Centre, Ont.  
LORNE A. GILROY  
R. R. No. 7  
Alvinston, Ont.

RALPH GRACEY  
Springfield, Ont.

GORDON L. GROGAN  
Arkona, Ont.

CLIFFORD L. HEYWOOD  
R. R. No. 1  
Exeter, Ont.

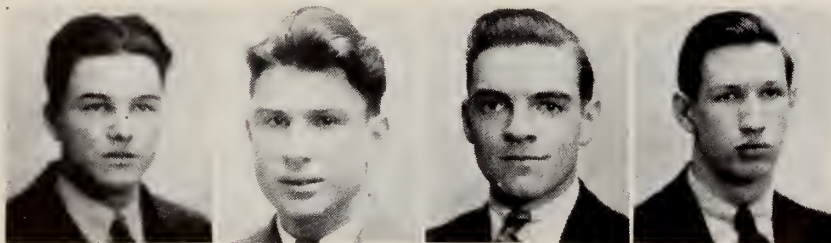


GORDON HOUGHTON  
17 Argyle St.  
London, Ont.

ERIC R. McLEAN  
630 Princess Ave.  
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JAMES C. MARK  
789 Richmond St.  
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ALEXANDER D. RAE  
R. R. No. 1  
Wilton Grove, Ont.



VALENTINE SHOULDICE  
Lion's Head, Ont.

THOMAS SPEIDEL  
Amherstburg, Ont.

GEORGE G. SWITZER  
Acton, Ont.

JOHN WAKELING  
Thorndale, Ont.



### A Normal School Classroom

AS we enter a certain little room whose windows face the north, we see a host of huge historical pictures lining the walls on three sides. On the arms of the chair at the front of the room rests a score or more of these grey-backed, highly-coloured illustrations. On those duldest of blackboards, peering hesitatingly from between the pictures, are selections from the finest of English poetry, their faces marred by the scars of scansion. On another slate, standing alone against their dark background, the names of four metrical verse forms catch our eyes. In the corner next the windows is that mysterious little cupboard which is usually kept locked. But inside it are so many strangely unfamiliar things—volume upon volume, in which may be found such a multitude of selections which we shall certainly hear read some day.

Oh! There goes the gong, and now we simply must leave. But as we slowly walk from that classroom, we cast one more longing, lingering look toward that little cupboard in the corner.

RUTH SHEPLEY.

Form IV.

### Dr. Mark's Book

*"Big, black book, sinister, appalling—  
Is your fate as you surmised?  
Doomsday book of the Normal students  
With the 'doom' italicized!"*

A DEEP-ROOTED chill creeps up your spine as you catch the first glimpse of a massive, black-coloured volume which reposes on the top of the master's desk, and which hypnotizes you as you draw near.

Yes, it is THE BOOK—. As you enter the room it tangles you in its magic spell, and seems to smile as you cower to your seat. There it waits—so full of records of success and of doom that the covers bulge and swell till you yourself seem as a mere nothing, reading your destiny in letters of staring, black type. It is as if though you, having shrunk to a ridiculous size, are frantically trying to pry the pages open, scurrying first to one side and then to the other.

With this same sense of smallness you slump back in your seat and gaze at one top corner. The hugeness

of this corner overawes you. It must be made of iron to be able to hold those millions of pages; pages worn at the edges because of so much reference; pages that hold the multitudinous secrets; pages that crackle to proclaim the news the master never exactly reveals.

The other students are trudging up one by one, one by one. Some come back grim-lipped; others "glow within." Perhaps—dare you hope? The last critic teacher said you were doing fine. The master calls your number. It is your turn now. You stumble forward. Luck go with you!

MARY MILLER.

Form III.

### Only Some Paper

AS I sat in my seat yesterday during the art examination, I tried to recall the different nations and peoples that contributed to our alphabet. As I closed my eyes, I saw the sheet of paper on my desk stand up and it began to cry out its story to me.

"I am neglected. Think of how I have contributed to writing. Without me men would still be living like the ancients.

"I was born in Northern Ontario, and lived with my brothers and friends. Many of my ancestors were neglected and died. One day I was released and allowed to go for a long voyage by floating down the river to the south.

"I docked at Hull, on the north bank of the Ottawa River. Some men came down to the harbour to meet me. They helped me get ashore, and from here they escorted me to their fine factory.

"Upon my arrival I was given a good bath and I was then sent through the house of fun. I dipped and dived as I went through hot water and cold. I jumped here and there, through rollers and presses.

"After my madcap experience, I was treated royally. Factory attendants dried me off, dressed and perfumed me. I was dressed in a brown coat and sent for a trip to the London Normal School. One of the teachers tore my brown coat down the back and let me out. I climbed on your desk to help you write this examination.

"Think of what my companions and I have done. We have made it possible for the Normal masters and instructors to give you weekly tests."

ARCHIE CAMPBELL.

Form I.





MARGARET BANNER  
6 St. Anne's Place  
St. Thomas, Ont.



ZELMA BATEMAN  
Strathroy, Ont.



EVA BICUM  
Mull, Ont.



ELVA BOBIER  
17 Elgin St.  
St. Thomas, Ont.



CECILLE BURNSTINE  
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MARY CARTER  
R. R. No. 6  
St. Thomas, Ont.



RHEA CLARK  
Watford, Ont.



RUTH CLEMANCE  
Denfield, Ont.



LOUISE COLLIER  
London, Ont.



MARIAN CREWE  
Wheatley, Ont.



VERA CUNNINGHAM  
Clandeboyne, Ont.



MILDRED EATON  
Hall St.  
Ingersoll, Ont.



BARBARA ELSON  
R. R. No. 7  
London, Ont.



RUTH ELVIDGE  
Princeton, Ont.



MADELINE FOX  
R. R. No. 2  
Ridgetown, Ont.



BERNICE FRASER  
R. R. No. 3  
Ilderton, Ont.



AUDREY FURSE  
Thamesford, Ont.



GRACE GRAHAM  
R. R. No. 1  
St. Thomas, Ont.



## Never-to-be-Forgotten Scene

**D**URING my very limited experiences, I have had many interesting and touching scenes stamped on my memory. The most touching one of all occurred in one of our leading boarding houses, while I was on a sight-seeing tour.

This home resembles our exclusive boarding schools which are scattered throughout Canada. It nestles between two high hills. From a distance everything spells peace and prosperity.

But wait!

When I entered through the heavy brass barred door, a uniformed guard cautiously shut and locked the door behind me.

Assuming the indifferent attitude of the bystander, I overheard the following conversation between a visitor and the informer.

"To see a friend, sir? Your name and his name, please!"

Glancing down the hall, after they had gone, I noticed that everything fairly glistened from continuous applications of soap and water. The large kitchen was filled with husky men hurrying about preparing meals for the numerous boarders. The chief cook creams the potatoes, intentionally omitting cream and butter. Several men in dark blue overalls carry in pails of foamy milk to be separated.

Next to the kitchen is a small, narrow room boasting a hard springless cot. Several gray blankets are folded carefully across it. In the corner there is a washstand and chipped granite basin. The floor is smoothed by the tramping back and forth of the homesick roomer. Several rooms of the same character follow. In each room there is the occupant's dress suit, a gaily striped straight jacket, hanging from a nail.

To the right is a large theatrical-looking room decorated with hand-made Bible pictures. The old, wooden benches are battered from constant use by the worshippers.

Here comes that friend now striding manfully down the hall. How thin and pale he is. Although he tries to smile his eyes are so pitiful to see. He has paid his debt to society but the signs of suffering remain. He hands his dark blue suit to a guard nearby. The G. R. buttons are gone forever. With one last repentant look, he bids his past boarding house,—"The Guelph Reformatory,"—farewell.

VERLYN LADD.

Form IV.

## The Lift Bridge

**W**HILE driving some day on Dundas Street in Welland, you may watch the gigantic lift bridge as it stands, obscuring all view from the other side of the canal. The giant siderails cling to the massive frame as if in fear of the great abyss below. The sturdy tile floor stands defying anyone to try to mount it.

We are now at the bridge. A horn blows. A freighter is slowly finding its way down the canal. It

is the "City of Erie." Vast clouds of heavy black smoke pour from the centre funnel. The smoke has been allowed for many years to settle on the ship, so on the whole it has a very dingy, grimy appearance. The dark vessel is now directly beneath the bridge. The pounding of the engines is quite audible. A fine spray is thrown upon the banks from the paddle wheels as they turn laboriously in continuous motion. The ship is past; the shadowy hulk fades away into the distance, leaving an oily path gleaming behind it in the sun.

The cables creak as they are pulled downward by a humming electric motor. The wide corridor is beginning to lower. Majestically it seeks its position on the earth and forms once more the means of crossing the canal.

Now, the car engines are starting, one by one. Now, they are all running. Horns are echoing as the congested traffic slowly crawls across the crowded bridge. Soon the noise dies down and the excitement is over until another ship chances to pass that way.

Often times I think how grand it would be to sit by this magnificent bridge some moonlight night and watch it ascend towards the heavens and descend again, as it obeys the command of every passing ship.

LLOYD FLANNIGAN.

Form I.

## Uncle Tom's Cabin

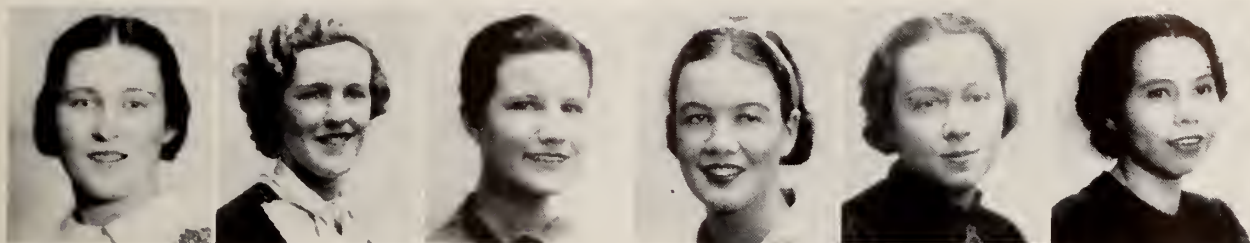
(As It Stands Today)

**I**CAME finally to the supposedly historical spot and stopping in front of a zigzag fence, my eyes met the most neglected and forsaken scene imaginable. The line of fence was interrupted at one end by a partly-opened gate which had long since neglected its duty of repulsing invaders. Inside the yard, close to the gate, a shabby sycamore tree stood as a sentinel on guard with a sign of warning of prosecution for trespassers. From a bare branch of the tree the stillness of the place was broken by the unpleasant caw of a lone crow. In the space 'tween the fence and the cabin the undisturbed grass and weeds had reached a considerable height, and, I am sure, proved an ideal breeding place for reptiles. No paths leading to the ruins could be traced out. Age had ulcerated its way and crept so steadily into every crevice and corner of the cabin that the roof and parts of the walls were present only in the imagination of the observer. Time had robbed the framework of the colour and freshness of its youth. The elements of nature had also played havoc with the interior of the cabin. The rain and snow had hammered and ruptured the walls. The wind had pierced through the weakened structures and had scattered debris about the place. The rafters had long since been food for larvae. In fact, the whole place spoke of utter desertion and no point of connection with the Uncle Tom's cabin of the story could be found. One was led to believe that its sole reason for existence was as a haven for unwanted children of Nature.

SISTER ISABEL.

Form IV.





DOROTHY J. GREER  
Bridgen, Ont.

JOAN HATHERELL  
40 Askin St.  
London, Ont.

BLANCHE HICKS  
Tilbury, Ont.

CATHERINE C. GRIFFITHS  
640 Bridge Ave.  
Windsor, Ont.

MARGARET HERBISON  
Thamesville, Ont.

DOROTHY E. ISAAC  
Walpole Island, Ont.



IRENE JOHNSTON  
Bothwell, Ont.

EUNICE KIMMERLY  
Dresden, Ont.

CHARLOTTE LOFTHOUSE  
Komoka, Ont.

NELLIE JOHNSON  
London, Ont.

VIOLET LAZOR  
1868 Moy Ave.  
Windsor, Ont.

ANNIE MacINTOSH  
Ailsa Craig, Ont.



ESTHER W. G. MacMATH  
R. R. No. 2  
Clinton, Ont.

JEAN E. MacTAVISH  
Walkers, Ont.

CATHERINE McEACHERN  
40 Craig St.  
Alvinston, Ont.

JEAN MacPHERSON  
R. R. No. 1  
Wilton Grove, Ont.

MARJORIE MARTYN  
Springfield, Ont.

CATHERINE McGUGAN  
Alvinston, Ont.



VIOLA MILLER  
Merlin, Ont.

JEAN MORRIS  
Mossley, Ont.

MARY J. MILLER  
785 Felix Ave.  
Windsor, Ont.

JEAN MUNROE  
R. R. No. 3  
Florence, Ont.

## Exploring

After a hard day's journey Scott and his four companions reached the pole on January 16th, 1912."

"What a life!" my friend said to me as he was reading "The story of Captain Scott. How I would like to have gone with him, or better still, led an expedition myself to the pole. But what chance is there for you and me? So much has been done in the field of exploration that there seems to be nothing left."

"Come and sit on the doorstep and I shall disclose to you the most interesting discoveries imaginable."

"The other day you were curious about the bees that remained in the entrance of the hive fanning their wings. Scientists such as Fabre, Comstock, Kellogg, and others tell us that long before man ever thought of the use of coal the social bees were employing the same method to ventilate their hives as men now use to keep air pure in coal mines."

"Why yes, that explains it," said my friend. "They are keeping up a continuous circulation of air."

At that moment my friend pointed out a wasp's nest in the process of construction under the eaves of his garage. He had been trying most unsuccessfully to remove it.

"Why," said I. "you are trying to harm some members of a most remarkable family which includes potters, exquisite surgeons, storage experts, and paper makers."

"I don't understand you," said my friend.

"There is a kind of wasp which, while your forefathers were eating out of their fingers, was moulding the finest clay into a home for its young. This same species, called the Pelopaeus wasp and another, called the Sphix wasp, long before man knew anything about the nervous system, knew the nerve centre in which to sting a spider or cricket to paralyse and yet keep it alive to provide a supply of fresh meat for the young, without the use of cold storage or salt. Those wasps that you are trying to destroy belong to the world's first family of paper makers."

"Paper makers, potters, surgeons," mused my friend. "Well, I shall certainly leave that nest and watch it more closely to see what I can discover about these little creatures."

"Look, there is the Monarch Butterfly that you pointed out to me the other day," said my friend.

"Oh, no it isn't," said I. "you have just been fooled by one of the world's best mimics. The butterfly you see is a Viceroy and has mimicked the Monarch for this reason. Most butterflies of a dull colour are very palatable to birds, while those of a brilliant colour are unpalatable. At one time the Viceroy was a dull brown colour but he has changed to mimic the Monarch in order to protect himself. The best distinguishing marks are now its smaller size and the black vertical line on the hind wing."

"When your explorations move farther afield," I added, "you will discover the meaning of this paragraph from J. G. Wood—"

"The habits of insects are very mines of interesting

knowledge, and it is impossible carefully to watch the proceedings of any insect, however insignificant, without feeling that no writer of fiction ever invented a drama of such absorbing interest as is acted daily before our eyes, though to indifferent spectators."

GORDON HOUGHTON.

Form I.

## General Science Club

THE students of the 1936-7 class have prospects of becoming great naturalists; this was made evident at the inaugural meeting of the Naturalists' Club on Jan. 22nd, when the majority of the students met on the invitation of Dr. Hofferd to discuss the character and benefits of such an organization. Two of our main aims were to cultivate an appreciation of art and literature in relation to nature and science; and to make field trips for the purpose of gaining first-hand knowledge, and an appreciation of nature, industry and sanitation.

The executive has been most faithful in its work, inspired by the dual flame of duty and pleasure. The names are: Pres., J. Wagborne; Vice-Pres., L. Gilroy; Sec.-Treas., J. Munroe; Reps., C. Heywood, V. Cunningham, K. McEachern, A. Turnbull; Programme Committee, Miss Davidson, Dr. Hofferd.

The Science Club has been responsible for many interesting visits in which the entire school body participated. Of these, the excursions to Canada Bread, Bell Telephone, Hatcheries, Kellogg's Corn Flakes Factory, Bird morning at Saunders' Pond and Silverwood's Dairy stand out, the last-named commemorated in the Science Club poet's scrapbook as follows:

*Those weary stragglers so forlorn  
We spied a-walking Saturday morn,  
Walking down old Ridout Street,  
Slowly dragging weary feet,  
Were on their way to "get the goods"  
On how A. E. runs Silverwoods.*

The Literary Society is indebted to the Science Club for several interesting and varied afternoons' entertainment. We mention particularly the Harbour Day programme held on the campus. Dr. Mark set the standard for the remainder of the numbers by his talk on the place of Harbour Day in the school. The main feature of the afternoon was the planting of the tree. The planting was under the capable guidance of Dr. Hofferd who gave the class many valuable directions regarding such a procedure. The dedication was read by L. Gilroy, and accepted by Dr. Mark.

Not only did the class leave the red oak as a remembrance, but also a stone bearing the inscription:

CORONATION OAK

Planted by

Science Club of L. N. S.

May 12, 1937.

JEAN MUNROE.

Form III.





TENA MUXLOW  
R. R. No. 5  
Strathroy, Ont.

MARIE PERKIN  
Ettrick, Ont.

ELINOR PRICE  
Wheatley, Ont.

MAE F. NIXON  
903 Hall Ave.  
Windsor, Ont.

CATHERINE R. PETERS, B.A.  
Lakeside, Ont.

MARGARET ROE  
Merlin, Ont.



WILMA ROSS  
Shedden, Ont.

RUTH SHEPLEY  
R. R. No. 3  
Thamesville, Ont.

RUTH SMITH  
Strathroy, Ont.

EDITH SOUTHERN  
394 George St.  
Sarnia, Ont.

PENELOPE SUTHERLAND  
Embryo, Ont.

AMY TURNBULL  
Lambeth, Ont.



ISABEL VINCENT  
Tillsonburg, Ont.

JEAN E. WAGHORNE  
Sarnia, Ont.

ESTHER A. WEBSTER  
R. R. No. 4  
Appin, Ont.

MARGARET WILLIAMS  
Fletcher, Ont.

RUTH WILLIS  
764 Partington Ave.  
Windsor, Ont.

DOROTHY WRIGHT  
636 Cataragui St.  
Windsor, Ont.

## Girls' Athletics

### Our Reporter's Diary

Wed. Dec. 9:

Climbed ye olde wooden stairs after four this P. M. to the gym. The girls were having a basketball workout. Their wine tunics (they made them themselves) look pretty neat. There seems to be some good material among them. In the election of officers, Wilma Ross was given the position of captain.

Tues. Dec. 15:

Saw the girls' first basketball game to-night. They played against the local Central Collegiate Girls at the Collegiate. There was a whole gallery-full of loyal Normal supporters, who hung precariously over the railing, intent on cheering their team on to victory. It was of no avail. The Central girls are tall and have a slick team. Old L. N. S. was defeated 52-18.

Fri. Jan. 15:

We are happy to see the girls are improving. They are working together much better. It showed up to-night in the game with Watford H. S., played at Sir Adam Beck Collegiate. They were victorious 27-12.

During the latter half of the game, they really cooperated. There is hope that they will live down the first defeat.

Thurs. Feb. 18:

Ambled over to the Central Collegiate gym to-night to see the L. N. S. girls take Brescia Hall "for a ride." It was a smart game. Mae Nixon made some tricky shots, and the whole team was really "on." The final score was 51-24.

Tues. Mar. 9:

The girls realized an old ambition to-night. They came to the Technical School, saw the Western Intermediates and (gasp, gasp) they conquered them. The score was 28-21. Our little forward, Mary Miller, played an outstanding game. Katie Griffiths was right on her toes as guard. It was as the Southern girl might say, "super-colossal," and a grand "finis" for the basketball season. Too bad the old line-up will never work together again. Oh, well, it was fun. There they are:

Mae Nixon.....c.f.  
 Madeline Fox.....f.  
 Mary Miller.....f.  
 Wilma Ross.....g.  
 Catherine Griffiths...g.  
 Elinor Price.....g.

Alternates:

Mary Carter, Violet Lazor, Marian  
 Crewe, Tena Muxlow.

ELINOR PRICE.

Form IV.

## Boys' Athletics

THE opening of the L. N. S. for 1936-37 term found the students in much the same position as those of former years. We were all strangers in a foreign land, as it were. Consequently the organization of athletics was rather slow.

Softball was the order of the day for some time, but the weather soon dampened our spirits as well as the lawn. Soon, however, basketball became prominent and the L. N. S. Gym was the scene of frequent practices. Because of the limited number of male students, only a few boys turned out to practice. But it was this group who worked hard and stayed with the team throughout the year.

Gordon Grogan was chosen captain and likewise filled the position of centre, James Mark and Tom Speidel capably performed the duties of forwards, and Eric McLean and John Gloin of guards. Cliff Heywood, John Wakeling and Lloyd Flannigan were called upon for substitutes and worked hard when needed.

The first game was a success for the boys in two ways: They defeated Watford H. S. Boys and were entertained at a Theatre Party by the Athletic Society. Henceforth the games were few and far between, but at the time of writing, a return game with Watford is being arranged, as well as a number of exhibition games.

G. L. GROGAN.

Form I.

## Mr. Clarke's Blackboard

THERE is nothing exciting about this blackboard; it is neither remarkably old nor remarkably new; it is not beautiful; it is just—plain.

But of all the blackboards in the school this is the blackest. It remains fearfully still. Bad news is always on its terrifying surface—the oncoming of a test. We conclude that it is the dear friend of Sulla, for, as Sulla terrified so many this blackboard keeps the Normal Students on the alert at all times. Yet, it is a merciful tyrant because, while it proclaims examinations, it gives us warning beforehand. We gaze nervously towards it each morning with that in mind, and with Goldsmith say:

"Full well the boding tremblers learned to trace  
 The day's disasters in his morning face."

MAE F. NIXON.

Form IV.



## The Staff Performs

SOME day we shall be old enough to reminisce and be found sitting with our slippers on the hearth, and our knitting lying in withered fingers. Then someone will whisper, "Poor old Aunt Maggie looks lonesome. Run and bring her that scrap-book she made when at Normal. It will amuse her." Grandniece will obediently "run" and return to lay a musty book on our knee.

We shall turn the leaves, our mind endeavouring to place in logical places such momentos as a faded paper the verse on which we seem to recollect having quavered as a memory gem from some platform of long ago; sheets with names of old-fashioned lessons thereon such as, "Teach Clausal Analysis to Grade VIII."

But, ah, what is this? Our hands turn over the yellowed sheet. We see names scrawled on the back: C. E. Wheeler—Mrs. E. H. McKone—Mary E. Pickles—a whole column of them. And it all comes back to us.

The L. N. S. auditorium on the evening of February 9; a mock parliament staged by the masters, instructors and their wives; assisted by guards, pages and the sergeant-at-arms; a performance described by Dr. Mark as being "the first of its kind ever put on by the staff"; Mr. Pickles surpassing himself on his favourite topic, "That Women Should be Banished From the Teaching Profession," or something along that line; Mr. McKone acting natural and getting applauded for it; Mr. McEachern telling more about Adam and Eve than ever we had found in Genesis; Mr. Wheeler, benign and bewhiskered, climaxing all as a back-country gentleman.

We shall always remember the tea served by the cast in the gymnasium after the programme. The display of artistic cookies and the culinary achievements of Miss Emery and others were a delight. The coffee was passed with such whole-hearted smiles that we knew they who were serving us had enjoyed being Ministers of Spuds and Bugs and of Pot Luck Lunches or members from Heart Hole, Dusty Corners, and Dictionary Docks. It was then that we had them autograph our programme.

"We all like to linger our feelings of pleasure" said Mr. Clarke in Science of Education. Therefore, shall we sit with our memories far, far away until someone whispers: "Aunt Maggie, you had better come to bed. It is nearly half-past eight!"

## The Coronation Banquet

THURSDAY evening, May 6, was the occasion on which we, as a school, paid tribute to our new and beloved King—George VI.

The library presented a resplendent picture as the old familiar study tables were transformed into things of beauty by the coronation decorations which were repeated and glorified a thousand times in the glittering

accompaniments. Then Dinner—dinner fit for a king and daintily served by our maids in waiting.

Toasts to the King, to the Royal Family, to the Empire and to the Flag, were proposed in an eloquent manner by our fellow-students and heartily pledged by all in the native unadulterated wine of the land.

We were favoured with the "ideal" after-dinner speaker in Mr. John M. Gunn who delighted everyone with his happy philosophy as he enlarged on "The Weather."

The happy occasion was concluded with a dance in the gymnasium.

*Toastmaster:* Austin Charlton.

*Toast List:* Dorothy Greer; Ralph Gracey; Helen Cares; John Gloin; Eva Bicum; George Switzer.

*Music:* Under the direction of Mr. Wheeler.

*Solos:* Grace Graham; Audrey Furse.

JAS. C. MARK.

Form I.

## Country Loveliness

IT was early evening when I chanced to walk to our kitchen window and there I beheld as beautiful a scene as anyone might wish to see. Away to the west the sun was sinking and sending forth its radiance to colour the sky and promise a fair day. Tall evergreen trees stood like soldiers guarding the western gold field. Outlined against the horizon was the little wood-lot and I noticed, for the first time, how much it had been thinned by the cutting of the winter wood.

My thoughts were brought back when I saw the team of horses plodding wearily down the lane, for they had been ploughing all day. Not far behind the team trotted Bonnie, the dog. Deep affection for the horses and for her master would not permit her to come to the house for an early supper.

Directly below me I could see the creek flowing along singing that at last spring was here. Bending over the creek was the graceful old elm, and under it the little dock to which we tied our boat. In another month "The Willow" would be splashing up and down there by providing us with fun.

I turned again to the west. The sun had gone, leaving only a glorious blood-red reflection; and out of the blue sky rose the first evening star. I looked up the lane; the horses had reached the barn and were being unhitched. Mercy! the men would be in for supper and I had been feasting on the beauties of Nature and had neglected my task of preparing supper.

At any rate, the view had been wonderful and had given me a very satisfying feeling that this is a beautiful earth; so why should I worry about supper, for is not life more than meat and the body more than raiment!

AMY TURNBULL.

Form IV.

## Silver Linings

*For the sake of our Scots  
All these jokes are found here.  
We laughed when they happened;  
They'll be grinning next year!*

A NEW music store has been opened at the corner of Elmwood Avenue and Wortley Road. The vendor, Miss Margaret Williams, wished to state that her first day's business was overwhelming. The following bought music:

I'm on a See-Saw—Mr. Pickles.  
You Can't Pull the Wool Over My Eyes—Dr. Mark.  
There's Always A Happy Ending—Mr. Clarke.  
Did I Remember—Recitations in Assembly.  
I'm Grateful to You—Miss Gahan.  
I'm Putting All My Eggs In One Basket—Dr. Hofferd.  
I Don't Want to Make History—Mr. McEachern.  
Painting the Clouds With Sunshine—Miss Emery.  
Bend Down Sister—Miss Rider.  
These Foolish Things—Mr. McKone.  
My Little Buckaroo—Tom Mark.  
When My Dream Boat Comes Home—\$500.00 per year.  
I Can't Escape From You—Lesson Plans.  
What's the Name of That Song?—Mr. Wheeler.  
Lovely Lady—Miss Davidson.  
Walking My Baby Back Home—Gordon Houghton.  
Mary Had A Little Lamb—Jim Mark.

Mr. Clarke: Conjugate the verb "care."

Jerry Nelson: I Cares, you Cares, he Cares.

Mr. McKone: Watch your true-false test papers carefully while I run through them for you.

Mr. Gracey had just posed for his Year Book picture.

Photographer: Do you want a proof of this?

Mr. Gracey: Oh, never mind; I'll take your word for it.

Dr. Mark: (Marking form slips) Are there any absentees here?

Form IV girls were discussing licenses and how often they were due. Wilma Ross piped up: How often do you have to get your marriage license renewed?

Miss Munroe's favourite example of Nominative in Apposition: Lorne, my friend, come here.

Tom: What's the odour in the library?

Cecile: That's the dead silence we keep there.

Dr. Hofferd: A young chicken under a year old is called a pullet. What is a two-year-old called?

Miss Herbison: Tough!

*Oh, some people go Westward the Rockies to view,  
And others go Eastward just to see something new;  
There are some who go Southward to better their health,  
And others go Northward in vain search for wealth.  
But Northward or Southward or Eastward or West  
We observe that Kay rather "goes Howard" the best!*

It was the morning after that tea biscuit tea to which the young men treated us. Mr. Clarke was teaching Composition, "You will notice among small children a tendency to end up accounts of pleasant events with: 'We went home tired and happy.' Now, if you were to write up last night's little event with what would it be better to end than that?"

Miss MacPherson: We went home tired and heavy.

Dr. Hofferd: Why does cream rise to the top, Miss Crewe?

Miss Crewe: So that we can get it.

Miss Davidson: Of what use are vitamins?

Heywood: Why, some prevent beri beri; some prevent scurry scurry.

Dr. Hofferd: How may injurious bacteria be distributed, Mr. Nelson?

Mr. Nelson: You can distribute bacteria by being too close friends.

Miss Banner: "In osmosis the fluid moves from the less consecrated to the more consecrated side."

Ruth: Did Jack give the bride away at the wedding?

Gordon: No, he let the groom find out for himself.

Cecile B.: Have you a book called—Man, the Master of Women?

Salesgirl: The fiction department is on the other side, Miss.

Judge: Do you wish to marry again, if you obtain a divorce?

Liza: Ah should say not. Ah wants to be withdrawn from circulation.

Mrs. Barnhart: That's nothing. Why, I've been walking since I was eight months old.

Gordon Grogan: Really? You must be awfully tired.

### BONERS

In the spring the salmon ascends fresh water streams to spoon.

The flower has five parts, sepals, pedals, antlers, pistil and trigger.

How do frogs pass the winter? They get together in groups and hop south.



## Our Visit to O. A. C., Guelph

**G**LORIOUS weather! (Dr. Hofferd had prophesied it, so it was no surprise.)

The rising sun on the morning of May 25 found us at the Normal School ready to depart in two large buses for the Agricultural College. The rolling landscape, the broad expanse of green fields, and the orchards in full bloom were a veritable feast to our eyes, as we travelled onward. Soon we were at our destination and were heartily greeted by our host, Professor Buchanan, who gave us instructions regarding our tour to the various departments.

We viewed a parade of select live stock of beef and dairy cattle, draft horses, and bacon hogs. We were much interested in their special flock of Kerry Hill sheep distinguished by their black noses and long docked tails. They were donated to the college by the Kerry Hill Society of Great Britain. Prof. Knox gave illuminating information concerning the characteristics of all these animals.

After enjoying a delicious dinner served in the spacious dining room by the students of MacDonald Hall, we were favoured by a brief address from Prof. Buchanan in which he outlined the practical nature of the courses given at the college. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the College by Dr. MacMillan and Dr. Hofferd.

Hurriedly we proceeded to view interesting demonstrations and hear wise words regarding horticulture,

poultry, and soil chemistry. It seemed too bad that our stay in each of these departments was so short.

At three o'clock the softball teams, both boys and girls, from Hamilton, Stratford, Toronto and London Normals were ready for friendly inter-normal games. These proved lively and interesting. All the teams showed a spirit of true sportsmanship. We were indeed proud of our teams, for, though they lacked practice, they battled well.

Then came our picnic supper under a canopy of Norway spruce, with tea almost too hot to drink. The conversation centred on "what a delightful and fitting experience for the last day of Normal School." And still to come was the drive through the picturesque grounds of the Guelph Reformatory and our homeward journey to London.

"Listen! What a perfect day!"—The sound still echoes in our ears! London! London! Rah! Rah! Rah!

*Plures.*

Purposeful activity is the very essence of thoughtful living; it must become as well the essence of intelligent learning.—KILPATRICK.

We help them as best we can to think and decide in the light of ever deeper insight and wider vision.—

KILPATRICK.

Hate, jealousy, destruction and untruth are the negative things in life. There is no life unless it is based on the positive things in life. Love, truth, belief and enthusiasm will stand the test of time.—

DR. A. E. MORGAN.

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## Normal Birds

NAME	FIELD MARK	HAUNT	ACTIVITY	CALL
RUTH CLEMANCE	A longing face	Perched on table	Arguing	Oh, Gord!
BARBARA ELSON	Blonde	Near J. A. G.	Domestic	See!
CECILLE BURNSTINE	Talkative	Mr. McEachern's room	Exam worries	Hey ,Tom!
EDITH SOUTHERN	Pleasant smile	Library	Typing	George! !
JEAN MACPHERSON	Them brown eyes	Unknown	Thinking	The country life.
ELINOR PRICE	Auburn head	Drug store	Bicycling	Do you know what!
PENNY SUTHERLAND	Smiling eyes	With Willy	Laughing	Aw, Gee!
HARVEY BROWN	That stride	Toronto	Sleeping on trains	H'ar yu, kid.
ARCHIE CAMPBELL	Schoolgirl complexion	Home sweet home	Day dreaming	Hey, Cliff!
MARG. BANNER	Serious expression	L. & P. S.	Forgetting the slip	Wha-at?
AUDREY FURSE	Cute nose	Queens Ave.	Singing	You never.
JIM FLOOD	Blocky	Huffman's	Crossword puzzles	Here's one.
WILMA ROSS	Smart coiffure	Marley Place	Drummin'	It's grand.
VAL. SHOULDICE	Heavy curls	Everywhere	Very little	Swing it.
MARION CREWE	Wavy hair	Many places	Talking	Hey, guess what?
MAE NIXON	Slender figure	Ask Jim	Dancing	Ji-meee!
JIM MARK	Blonde	Marley Place	Looking for Miller	Let's go gang!
MARG. WILLIAMS	Puzzled look	Hither and yon	Playing piano	Hum it.
AMY TURNBULL	Rosy cheeks	Hard to find	Smiling	Honest?
TOM SPEIDEL	Brunette top	Library	Worrying	Isn't that mellow.
GORDON HOUGHTON	Wee moustache	On the street	Courting	Oh, Ruth.
KAY MCEACHERN	Tender laugh	By Gillam	Helping	Mount Brydges
CLIFF. HEYWOOD	Permanent wave	Exeter	Directing	Possibly.
RUTH WILLIS	Dark eyes	Hallway	Fixing radiator	Well!
MARY MILLER	Short and fair	Ford car	Teaching	Ha-te-da.
JOHN GLOIN	Fair locks	Laboratory	Hitch-hiking	Isn't that a fright!
GORDON GROGAN	Carrot top	Easy chair	Sports	Any fan mail?
JEAN WAGHORNE	Boys' bob	Campus	Tree planting	Hey, you kids!
GEORGE SWITZER	Blue suit	Library	Collecting ads	That's classy.
AUSTIN CHARLTON	Good looking	With the women	Speech making	What's on your mind?
CATHERINE PETERS	Grecian profile	At home	Listening	That arithmetic
ESTHER WEBSTER	Natural complexion	Sugar bush	Collecting woods	Hurry-up.

*May : 1838 - Finis*

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LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL

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**Autographs**





